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SONGS OF HOPE



HAROLD SPEAKMAN



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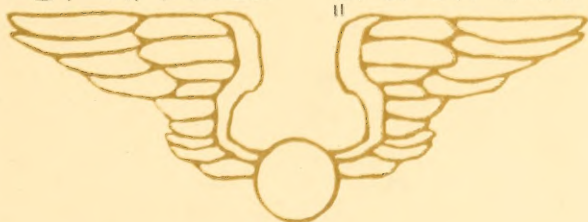




Calmly I turned and looked into your face
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SONGS OF · HOPE ·

BY HAROLD SPEAKMAN



DECORATIONS
by the AUTHOR

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TO LOIS WAKEFIELD

*The author thanks the publishers
of The Churchman, Greenwich
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for their courteous permission to
reprint the following verses.*

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GRIEVE NOT

*Grieve not that thou must play the
minor part
Only to follow, where thou couldst
have led
With all the skill of him whose
crystal notes
Shrill forth so brilliantly—so
brilliantly—
If thou art weary and a wistful
tear
Rests gently on thy cheek—be not
ashamed,
For in thy heart is naught of
bitterness
And all is well; play thou but on
and on
Until some time, when bending
low thy head
In reverence and in humility,
Thou seest about thee in the
Silences*

*Rapt, list'ning faces where before
were none ;
Not men—ah no, but more—the
Souls of Men.*



TOWARD FREEDOM

*Swift from the stagnant doubts
that cling
About us, chill and crystalline
Rise up, O silent Heart, and fling
Your song on high, far-echoing;
“This day—this day is yours,
and mine”!*

*Beyond the weary visioning
Of baseless fears that clutch and
twine
Rise up, O splendid Heart—and
sing—*

*What matter if the wild rain
sting?*

*It is a wholesome anodyne
To heal you from the prisoning—
Rise up, and make the glad cry
ring:*

*“Each day—each day is yours
and mine”!*



TRUTH

*We looked upon the veiled face
of Truth
Intently, you and I, then spoke at
last
With all the swift impulsiveness
of youth
And told what we had seen.
Each stood aghast
Because the space between us
seemed so vast.
Awhile we paused, then with a
waking smile
Truth flamed before us, radiant
as the sun—*

.

*I came, half-blindly groping for
your hand*

*With tear-dimmed eyes, to make
you understand
That now—I knew your Truth
and mine, were one.*



TO A GARDEN

*Gethsemane—Gethsemane—
How like a soft breeze o'er the
 sea
Your name comes gently back
 to me.*

*Back from the hills of Galilee,
Back through the red years'
 panoply,
Through Faith you sing of Peace
 to be,
Gethsemane—*



Down from the hills of Galilee





SIGHT

*My soul is young, its vision strange
and new,
Things of the present, tower
giantesque
About me, and each shadow shape
that falls
Upon the path ahead, gaps like
a pit
Until I pass its cool, mysterious
shade
And come with clearer vision to-
ward the day.*

*Beyond my close horizon there
may lie
Calm, peaceful plains, or savage,
unknown ways,
But let me hasten on—for this I
know :*

*“Through joy, and sorrow, and
the blessed light
That follows sorrow, shall I learn
to see.”*



I LOOK UNTO THE HILLS

*Oft I have seen a little child at
play
Upon an upland path where
flowers grew
Braving the brambles and the
early dew
To pick the fairest flower of the
day
Which as he grasped it, seemed
not half as gay
As one beyond his reach, in size
and hue
Till gaining that, he soon forgot
it too
In striving for another 'cross the
way.*

*So let me live, that when at length
I see*

*Within my hand each garland I
have sought
I may not rest content where last
I trod,
But looking toward the summit
eagerly
Drop all my faded blossoms down
as naught,
Finding the path leads up and
up—to God.*



TO PAIN

*You came to me with solemn,
swathéd brow
Brooding above me, till the day
and night
Whirled into one, beneath the
bitter blight
Of your pale garment and I knew
not how
To suffer more. Then, from the
torture place—
As one who fears no sterner,
harsher end—
Calmly I turned, and looked into
your face
And knew you then—Interpreter
and Friend.*



RHYTHM

*Oh, the chant of a wind-swung
tree*

And the great voice of the sea

*And the rhythmic beat of march-
ing feet*

Bring joy to the heart of me.

I know the song of the rain

*And the call of the wood and the
plain*

And—

.

*Teach me that symphony of Joys
and Fears :*

*The thund'ring Rhythm of the
passing Years.*

THE LAMPS OF GOD

*Out in the silent vastness of the
night*

*Foot-free I wander, musing on
the wide*

*Star-studded portals and the time-
less light*

*Of stars, which in the gates of
Heaven, tide*

*The mighty shock of each
millennium*

*With steadfast glow, and light the
age to come.*

.

*Shine on—thou Lamps of God
that bring to me*

Unceasing promise of eternity.

Out in the silent vastness of the night



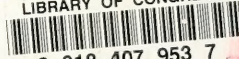
MAN-O'-WAR

*The tossing years have swept me
far astray,
Bleached out the Colours and
effaced my name,
Lost me in mist, seared me in
battle flame,
But now I fear not, thou I feel
the blame—
For I have learned to pray.*





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